

SEDALIA BAZOZ

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J. WEST GOODWIN,
SEDALIA, MO.

A. K. B. thinks, ostrich like, that when he runs his head in the sand, that the balance of his anatomy is hidden because he can't see himself. The cowardly and contemptible exterior of a sausage still fails to reveal his identity, fearing that public opinion will frown upon the worthless ear who writes villainous and lying communications over a nom de plume.

The Warrensburg Standard is suffering from a severe attack of "Red Acorn." The Sedalia Democrat should look into the matter.

The news of the president's illness will be received with regret—unless it be by a few disgruntled Democrats who have no bowels of compassion for anybody but themselves.

The Booneville Star, is a new publication with Messrs. W. A. McPherson and G. W. Ferrell as editors and Mr. Bert Plant as proprietor, but it is as pretty as a picture and should live to shine for many a year to come.

Jefferson City has the congratulations of Sedalia. The former might not have known what to do with her old capital building, after the new one had been built in this city, but now she can turn it over to the Salvationist's army, and be happy.

The Post Dispatch finds nearly all St. Louis business men in favor of the ballet. But were these gentlemen asked to allow their grandmothers and other female relatives to caper round in abbreviated clothing such as the ballet girls wear, the howl of "indecent" would go up like the report of a cannon.

Ladies of fashion are taking up the cause of the birds in the east, and pledging themselves not to wear them. If they can thus protect the North American song birds and the insect eaters, they will do an excellent work, but in the meantime, the English sparrow, like a great many other foreign innovations, should be considered a nuisance and effectually exterminated.

—The ballet was delightful notwithstanding that gesticulation was a little off sometimes. It can be truthfully said that there was not as much "boreness" on the stage as there was in the auditorium.—St. Louis Chronicle.

When the belles of the auditorium read the above unkind cut of the Chronicle man, they will regret that they allowed him to see them blush to their waists because of the ballet.

There is something particularly rich in the assertion of one Rossiter an anarchist of London that the "governor of Illinois must be killed." Can it be that he is a friend of Missouri and remembers that the governor of Illinois once quarreled against Missouri because three or four cows at Fulton took it into their heads to get sick? No other view of the matter presents itself.

The action of the Knights of Labor, in expressing sympathy with the anarchists, has earned for that body, the condemnation of all law and order loving people throughout the country, and it is well for the press which has heretofore upheld them in all reasonable things, to openly express an opinion in the matter. The following from the Chicago Times, is well and truly said:

"A couple of local assemblies of the Knights of Labor have had the sublime effrontery to pass resolutions requesting the supreme court to grant the committed anarchists a new trial. A more brazen exhibition of ignorance and insolence has never been made by a body of men claiming to possess ordinary intelligence. The resolutions are an insult to the tribunal to which they were addressed and a disgrace to the organization responsible for them."

Texas, despite of the fact that it

has been ravished by fires, drouths and storms, is still on the boom. The Hamilton, Tex., Herald has just issued a special addition in which the resources of the county of Hamilton as well as the town, is fully and completely detailed. Among other things worthy of note, the Herald says of its town:

"Hamilton has a temperate population, there being only one saloon in a population of 800. As an indication of the growth of the temperance sentiment it would be proper to state that ten years ago when we numbered only 250 in all, there were three saloons in active operation. Now the patronage will scarcely justify one. Then, drinking openly at the bar of a saloon was considered dignified and gentlemanly; now it is under the ban of popular disapproval, and nothing will sooner defeat a candidate for any office of trust than the popular belief that he is addicted to his 'cups.'"

The defalcations of Theodore Mize, cashier for the millionaire coal merchants, are said to amount to the neat sum of \$112,000. The developments, of course, prove that wine and women are at the bottom of the affair, but none the less, the ruin of his entire family by this man's recklessness, is pitiable in the extreme. A gray haired father has been brought from opulence to poverty, and from health to the verge of the grave; A mother and wife and sister, are broken hearted, and his children are in the shadow of a disgrace which will always cast its bleak shade about them. As for the man himself, what has he gained? Ruined health, ruined home, ruined name, the prospect of prison walls, the horrors of remorse, memories of dissipation and associations with the vilest of their kind, hours worse than wasted and a soul warped from every vestige of God's pure creation. Alas! that such tales must be told, alas! that one man's downfall is not another man's warning. Think of a man, with the brand of thief upon his breast year after year, although the world did not see it, mingling with his fellows in daily intercourse, trusted by his employer and looked up to by his family, as one worthy of all respect, and yet, to-day, no matter how humble, no man will envy him. There is a lesson well worthy of heeding—if only it would be heeded.

Without going into the particulars of what the ladies of the W. C. T. U. are able to accomplish for "God and home," there is no question that such narrow mindedness as they displayed in St. Louis, Friday last, is neither commendable or in accordance with good sense. Mrs. Cleveland, as the guest of Mrs. Whitney, had no right to show disapproval of what she served at her refreshment table, and had she done so, she would have been held up as one who did not understand the first principles of etiquette. On the other hand, Mrs. Whitney has a perfect right to offer her guests such refreshments as she deems fitting, without consulting a band of women who, in their zeal to uplift the homes of others, nine times in ten, neglect their own homes. As a body with a steadfast purpose, the W. C. T. U. deserves credit and encouragement, and should have it, but when a few of the members cast about in their minds for some means of annoying their sister woman whose position necessitates a certain line of conduct from which they are exempt, then they over-reach themselves. Mrs. Cleveland, young and thoroughly new to the society with which her lot is cast, has no right, nor should she be expected to revolutionize such society at one fell swoop, and thus make herself obnoxious. If Mrs. Whitney offended, why not send the resolution stating her offense to her, and not to the wife of the president, who, as a guest, has no right to interfere with the prerogatives of those by whom she may be entertained.

Men as a rule are careless in mailing the letters to their wives or other female relatives but it is hardly possible that they are responsible for all the packages that are carelessly mailed, and women must occasionally make some bad blunders. A writer for the Washington Star has been recently investigating the inventory of articles

to be sold at the dead letter office sales and says: "Many curious secrets are unfolded in this branch of the Post Office Department. There stands now, it seems, among the 'dead letters,' a pair of 'No. 6 lady's shoes.' No doubt the lady thinks herself fortunate that her name was not on the package, and her willingness to see the pair of shoes sold at auction is perfectly natural. An old wig has been lying in the office for two years without a claimant, while the owner probably wears his hat in church. A pair of corsets, made to embrace a thirty-three inch waist, can find no one to confess to them. They stand along with several other pairs of similar size awaiting the auction. Besides innumerable pairs of shoes, suits of clothes, handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs, cheap jewelry, with an occasional lock of hair and an engagement ring, there are numerous ladies' bustles, brown hair switches, false bangs and frizzes, and even pairs of garters. In another package there are two damaged night dresses, another contains a plug of tobacco, in yet another there are hair pins and hair combs, in another package these are six tin tea spoons and a second hand toothbrush. Cosmetics appear in no small quantities. One damaged hair switch, several pairs of hoopskirts were mislaid in the mails. A man's seersucker suit and a woman's chemise and unfinished night dress also went astray. A pair of artificial teeth are unclaimed, and a pair of artificial eyes are among the 'dead letters.' Among other curious mail matter discovered through the dead letters are a fly net for horses, a lady's black cloth dolman, a man's old frock coat, cigarettes, an old broken screw driver and ladies' night caps, lady's woolen fascinator, 4½ lbs. of cheap tea, thirteen old pewter spoons, a dog blanket, nutmeg grater, shoe brush, a pair of bathing trunks, an old felt hat, a dozen potato peelers, dolls, over shoes, a pair of pruning shears, a razor, and ninety-nine pounds of iron and metal castings."

HINDOO WIDOWS.

The Truly Helpless Condition of These Unfortunate Women.

The formal period of mourning for a widow in Bengal lasts for one month with the Kayasths, the most numerous and influential class in that part of India—the Brahmins keeping only ten days. During this time she has to prepare her own food, confining herself to a single meal a day, which consists of boiled coarse rice, simplest vegetables, clarified butter, and milk. She can on no account touch meat, fish, eggs, or any delicacy at all; she is forbidden to do up her hair and to put any scent or oil on her body. She must put on the same cotton sari day and night, even when it is wet, and must eschew the pleasure of a bed and lie down on bare ground, or perhaps on a coarse blanket spread on it. In some cases she can not even have her hair dried in the sun after her daily morning ablution, which she must go through before she can put a particle of food in her mouth. The old women say that the soul of a man after his death ascends to Heaven quickly and pleasantly in proportion to the bodily infirmities which his wife can undergo in the month after the death of her husband. Consequently the new-made widow, if not for any other reason, at least for the benefit of the soul of her departed husband, must submit to continuous abstinence and excruciating self-inflictions. A whole month passes in this state of semi-starvation. The funeral ceremonies which drag on till the end of that period, are all performed, and the rigid observances of the widow of a little relaxed, if it may be so termed, since the only relaxation allowed to her is that she need not prepare the food with her own hands, and that she can change her clothes, but always using only plain cotton saris. The real misery of the widow, however, begins after the first month. It is not enough that she is quite heart-broken for her deceased husband, and that she undergoes all the above-mentioned bodily privations. She must also bear the most galling indignities and the most humiliating self-sacrifices. She can not take an active part in any religious or social ceremony. If there be a wedding in the house the widow must not touch or in any way interfere with the articles that are used to keep the curious marriage customs. During the pujahs, or religious festivals, she is but grudgingly allowed to approach near the object of veneration, and in some bigoted families the contact of a widow is supposed to pollute the materials requisite for the performance of marriage ceremonies. The widow is, in fact, looked upon as the "evil eye" of the house. If she has no son or daughter to comfort her, or if she has to pass her whole life, as is often the case, with her husband's family, her condition truly becomes a helpless one. During any ceremony or grand occasion she has silently to look on, others around her enjoying and sporting themselves, and if some kind relation does not come to relieve her tedium she has hardly any thing to do but to ruminate on her present sad, wretched condition. Every female member of a family, whether married or unmarried, can go to parties, but a widow can not, and if she expresses any wish to join the family on such occasions it is instantly repressed by the curt rebuke of her mother-in-law or some other relation that "she is a widow and she must not have such wishes."—Dandana N. Das, in Nineteenth Century.

"POCAHONTAS."

What She Thinks of the Salvation Army—Billy Steele and His "I Object" and Other Matters.

JEFFERSON CITY, Dec. 4.

Dear Bazon.

That was an able and happy suggestion made by you in favor of the Salvation Army's conquest of Col. Everly and Billie Broberton, as I believe it were better that twelve righteous men must suffer than that one guilty person escape, and it has long been a private conviction of mine that these two are chiefs of sinners. Yet I don't care to go on record as personally desiring the advent of the Salvationists. On the contrary, it has long been a settled conviction of mine that morally, Jefferson is

BEYOND REDEMPTION.

and should suffer no surprise if I bobbed up serenely as a Mrs. Lot, one of these fine morning-birds holding Sodom and Gomorrah in ashes. I am sure my "salty statue" would assume an "I told you so" expression, truly divine. However, society will wag on in spite of Captain Parkes or his conquest. The Imperialists are lousy with their arrangements for their reception on the 17th inst, and in spite of the busy season attendant upon Christmas, it will be a well attended affair. The Imperials are always select and handsomely arranged in all appointments. Miss Janet Ewing's cantata promised for the holidays, goes smoothly along and we are expecting a rich musical treat. Miss Mollie Holman, of Booneville, and Miss Bergan, will lend her valuable assistance and Jefferson will be made happier in knowing that among us are ladies of noble spirit, who are willing to use their talent for good. The proceeds of this Cantata is for the choir of the Southern M. E. church.

The East End Whist club has been re-baptized, through the suggestion of Miss Carrie Gamble, and will be hereafter known as the

SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB,

and meet every Saturday evening. The young ladies are anticipating a valuable addition to their club this winter in Senator Castleman, of St. Louis, a young, valiant limb of the law, and a gentleman of considerable personal eclat. In reality Senator Castleman is the handsomest man in the Senate, and more than one of our society belles are sighing in vain, but in my successful acquaintance with the gentleman, I feel quite certain in all affairs of the heart, "Barkis is willing."

We refuse positively to be comforted over the defeat of Billie Steele. He was the "Moses" I had hoped would lead me "through the wilderness"—no, my hopes are barren and my "droll is sawdust." If Sedalia had in truth been true to herself these historic halls would have rang musical with Billie's "I object;" as it is he has our sympathy. It is strange how much real personal friendship and true courtesy many of our good people feel for you of Sedalia. Never a word of criticism nor ill bred jocundity will you hear, but on the contrary Sedalians, on all occasions, socially and otherwise, allow no chance to escape where you will not expose the deep venom of your natures. Why, I sometimes wish more Sedalians would visit us, and learn by experience how little social consequence we give to the much

VAUNTED CAPITAL QUESTION.

We leave that entirely to our business men, and allow no social skeleton to show his grinning face from the closet. I advertise our ladies as the most considerate, well bred, brilliant and really talented women in the state. Every departing assembly, will testify to my impartial truthfulness. Even representative Steele openly apologized for being so complicated and pledged that he was obliged to work for the removal, after he had met our ladies. Miss Yerby of Marshall is here, the guest of Warden, D. W. Mramaduke, and will remain until after the Christmas holidays.

Lou Johnson, the chiefest of "Owls" has revised the old club, and the midnight howls will continue until spring time. Our young wives have an especial grudge against Mr. Johnson, as that mysterious "party" who takes their husbands away. "Meeting a party down town" has passed into history as an equivalent to a visit to the "Owl." Rumor has it that Mr. Johnson will bring a better half to the capital this winter and then I have faint hopes that the "Owl" will too far away. Miss Alice Bradbury is home for the winter and will add her musical talents to our pleasure.

"POCAHONTAS."

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

Money Market.

New York, December 7.

MONEY—On call active at 5 1/2 per cent, closing at 5 per cent.

PRIME PAPERS—Merchandise at 4 1/2 per cent, STERLING EXCHANGE—Dull but steady at 100 for 60 day bills and 4 1/2 for demand.

STOCKS—The total sales of stocks to-day were \$24,547 shares.

GOVERNMENT BONDS—Bonds were dull but firm. STATE BONDS—Were dull and steady.

THEAT. C. M. K. again showed a slight decrease in the amount of business done. There was considerable feverishness at times, but the market was, most of the time, strong.

WHEAT—Strong and 1/2c higher. CORN—Strong and 1/2c higher. OATS—Easy and 1/2c lower.

(Afternoon board.) WHEAT—Strong and 1/2c higher. CORN—Strong and 1/2c higher. OATS—Easy and 1/2c lower.

St. Louis Live Stock Market.

ST. LOUIS, DEC. 3.

CATTLE—Receipts, 810; shipments, 700. Market firm on all kinds. Choice heavy steers, \$4.80; fair to good shipping steers, \$3.50; fat steers, fair to choice, \$3.00; fat cows, fair to choice, \$2.50; fat heifers, fair to choice, \$2.00; fat calves, fair to choice, \$1.50; fat pigs, common to good, \$2.00; fat hogs, common to good, \$1.50; fat lambs, common to good, \$1.00; fat kids, common to good, \$1.00.

—Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing, nauseous and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cures of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

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